

THE WORLD.

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WEDNESDAY EVENING, MAY 23.
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mail matter.

THE 1888 RECORD!

New York, April 30, 1888.

We, the undersigned Advertising
Agents, have examined the Circulation
and Press Room Reports of THE
WORLD, and also the amounts of White
Paper furnished it by various paper
manufacturers, and find that the
Average No. of WORLDS
Printed Daily from Jan. 1,
1888, to date is as stated,
viz.:

288,970 COPIES.

(Signed)
Geo. F. BOWELL & Co., DAVENY & Co.,
J. H. BATES, GORDON & BULL,
E. N. BRIDGES, J. F. PHILLIPS & Co.,
M. BRIDGES, A. A. ANDERSON.

Circulation Books Always Open.

OUR "FUDGIFY" MAYOR.

"I am not on a fishing excursion," was the
snappish answer of Mayor Hewitt to Coroner
Levy yesterday when the latter sought to
get some information from him as to how
human life can be protected in this city.

Death is on a fishing excursion, if you are
not, Mr. Mayor. He sits astride the telegraph
poles and uses electric wires for his fish-
lines. The grim angler lands a human vic-
tim nearly every week. And you "have
nothing to say" about it.

THE WORLD, too, is on "a fishing excur-
sion." It has fished for, found and pointed
out hundreds of danger-spots in the death-
dealing wires in this town. And yet the offi-
cial head of the city will neither do anything
nor suggest anything to protect human life.

The people of New York would better go
on "a fishing excursion" for an official who
will see that the laws are enforced.

A JUSTIFIABLE STRIKE.

The strike of the Rochester street-car
drivers ought to be made a success by the
public sentiment of that city.

The companies require the men to work
twelve hours a day, and frequently to wait
two hours more, and do double duty as
drivers and conductors, all for the munifi-
cent pay of \$2.

The men ask for ten hours' work, and to
have conductors take the place of the "bot-
tled" system. This is surely not unreason-
able. The patrons of the road ought to
refuse to act as their own conductors, and to
help the drivers get fair play.

THE MOTORS WILL COME.

If electric motors can be depended on to
run street cars economically and safely, as
experiments in Richmond and other cities
indicate to be the case, their introduction
can no more be prevented by a few Aldermen,
whether on "a strike" or honestly ignorant,
than Dame Partridge could sweep back the
tide with her broom.

Horse-cars are getting to be almost as
primitive as the old stages as means of street
transit. They are slow, expensive, hard on
the poor horses and hard on the drivers.

The Fourth Avenue Company is to permit
its experiment above Fourteenth street.
If it "goes," the rest will follow.

Coroner Levy is right, and Mayor Hewitt
is wrong, as to the purpose and scope of the
inquest into the cause of Lineman Murray's
death. If the inquiry were limited simply
to ascertaining the cause, one doctor's testi-
mony would be enough. The responsibility
for the casualty should be fixed. And some-
thing should be done to render other in-
quests from the same cause less frequent.

The "hand of flame, dropping blood-red
color," that appeared in the Northern sky
over Ohio last night, will receive many in-
terpretations. Little Breches FORAKER will
probably accept it as a sign to him to keep up
his waving of the bloody shirt.

Another indicted man goes scot free after
an ineffectual prosecution by the District
Attorney's office, taking with him a signifi-
cant admission from Judge Cowing to "be
more careful in future." In other words, not
to persecute himself again.

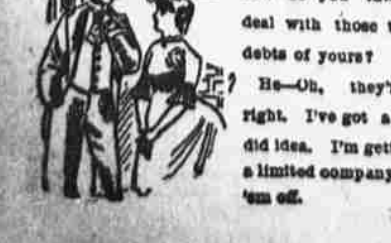
The District Messenger boys who raced
around the Park probably didn't reflect on
what a "give away" the affair was. Boys
who can run but don't run (officially) are in
danger of being made to run.

ROSCOE CONKLING's county of Oneida has
elected "pronounced Blaine delegates" to
Chicago. In politics, even more than in
other walks, men are "soon forgot when
they are dead."

It isn't strange that the little St. Joseph girl
who was "completely disordered" by a stroke
of lightning while at play on the common,
was "badly shocked" by the occurrence.

Poor DOM PEDRO, like FREDERICK, is being
kept alive to suffer. This is one penalty of
wealth and high station: the doctors keep
you such a long time dying.

Debt Paying Company—Limited.
(From Texas Slings.)
Sings—Gist, Charles, dear,
how do you intend to
deal with those terrible
debts of yours?
He—Oh, they're all
right. I've got a splen-
did idea. I'm getting up
an ideal company to pay
'em off.



TO GARNISH THE TABLE.

Shad roe, 35 cents.
Cucumbers, 5 cents.
Shrimp, \$1.50 a gallon.
Cabbage, 5 to 10 cents.
Radishes, 9 cents a bunch.
Lemons, 30 cents a dozen.
White fish, 15 cents a pound.
Apples, 50 to 55 cents a dozen.
Spanish mackerel, 40 cents each.
Bermuda onions, 10 cents a quart.
Strawberries, 15 to 35 cents a quart.
California cherries, 50 cents a pound.
South Carolina peaches, 30 cents a box.

TOLD AT HEADQUARTERS.

Inspector Williams sits a horse like a caval-
ryman. He will form a striking figure of the parade
on May 31.

Commissioner French is a red-hot Depeu man.
He insists that the Republican National Convention
will not force a nomination upon Blaine.

Inspector Conlin is justly proud of the martial
appearance of his mounted men. He has drilled
the cavalry portion of the force to perfection.

Inspector Byrnes expresses a fear that there may
be a dead Inspector on parade day if he is com-
pelled to ride the big bay selected for his special
use.

Inspector Steers's new flat is said to be one of the
handsomest in the city, the decorations and orna-
ments showing excellent taste and rare originality.

Dr. Cyrus Edison has his favorite yacht re-
modelled, having added several commodious state-
rooms. He proposes to take several pleasure jaunts
during the summer.

Supt. Murray has been selected by the Commis-
sioners to present the new Hibernian Memorial
statue to the members of the force who are en-
titled to wear the decoration.

Postmaster Pearson has transferred the letter-
box from a lamp-post to the hallway of Police
Headquarters—a change that gives universal satis-
faction to the police officials.

Telephones have been placed in the rooms of the
Police Commissioners, Superintendent and In-
spectors so that they can converse freely with each
other or elsewhere, if they desire.

Commissioner McLean will deliver the Memorial
address before Reno Post at Newburg on Mem-
orial Day. Roundsmen Montgomery, who was
murdered by Patrolman Bourke, was a member of
Reno Post. He is buried at Newburg.

Commissioner Voorhis is hiding his time on the
Herscov system of signalling. He smiles broadly
and significantly as he remarks: "The work has
not been done yet." It is understood that Com-
missioner MacLean is not favorable to the Herscov
plan.

WORLDINGS.

The Mormon hierarchy is said to pay Mr. A. M.
Gibson a salary of \$10,000 a year to look after the
interests of Zion at Washington. He is a square-
shouldered, serious-faced gentleman, dignified in
manner and reticent in speech, and used to be a
newspaperman.

One of the largest plantations in the South is that
of Major B. W. Bellamy, in Jefferson County, Ala.
It comprises 5,000 acres and nearly all of it is in
cultivation. More than 1,500 negroes are em-
ployed on the plantation and the Major knows them
all by name.

Mr. John Jones, of Fairburn, Ga., has a very won-
derful house cat, if a tale that is told of it is to be
believed. Several weeks ago this cat caught a rat,
but, instead of killing it, began to nurse and care
for it, and now gives it as much careful attention as
any of her kittens receive.

A St. Louis minister says that the greatest feat
of baptism in the history of the Baptist Church in
modern times was that performed in July, 1875, by
J. C. Clough, a missionary, who, with the assis-
tance of five native preachers, immersed 2,323 con-
verted brethren within six hours.

The skeleton of an Indian who was killed in what
is known as the "Kiburn fight" of 1785 was re-
cently ploughed up in a field near Walpole, N. H.,
where the fight took place. It was in this famous
encounter that two men, two women and two boys
slashed themselves for six hours against 400
bloodthirsty savages.

Michael P. Best was a newboy in Washington
not long ago and three years ago he enlisted in the
naval service of the United States as seaman's
wages—50 cents a day. Last week he was ap-
pointed a master sailmaker at \$150 a month, and
his first act was to make over to his mother one-
half of his pay as fast as it accrues.

A remarkable freak of nature, a mare known as
the "Oregon Beauty," was recently on exhibition
in Louisville. Her color is sorrel, and that of the
mane, tail and forelock a creamy tint. The mare
is ten feet in length, the forelock four feet, while
the tail reaches to the ground. Although the mare is
eight years of age, the mane and tail are of only
four years' growth, having grown an average of two
feet a year during that time.

One of the most popular ladies in the official so-
ciety of Washington is Mrs. Anna Ewing Cockrell,
the wife of the Senator from Missouri. She comes
of distinguished ancestry, and her father was
Judge Ephraim Ewing, a Kentuckian who was
prominent in the early history of Missouri. Mrs.
Cockrell is a lady of tall and graceful figure, with a
characteristic described as queenly, and is noted for her
affable manners and many social gifts.

SEEN IN THE POLITICAL MIRROR.

"Mugwumps," exclaimed a City Hall states-
man, "are free-traders in politics."

The Republican "boys" want to know who will
put up a boogie if Greenham is nominated for Presi-
dent.

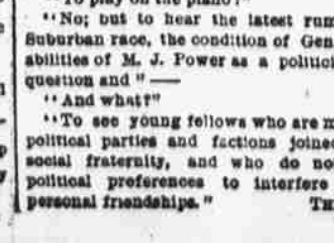
Many of Blaine's friends are of opinion that he
cannot now be nominated. His only hope, they
say, is nomination by acclamation or by a
stampede. Neither can be secured with John Sher-
man, Channey M. Depeu, Gov. Alger, Senator
Allison, Senator Harrison, Judge Greenham, Gov.
Foraker, Gen. Hawley, William Walter Phelps
and other Republicans aptly named in control of dele-
gations and friends who are using Blaine's name as
a decoy and who either believe that he is not a can-
didate or that if he should be nominated he would
be defeated.

"If," said a Republican Mogul at the Fifth Ave-
nue Hotel, "you scratch a Blaine shouter in this
State you will find a Depeu man. If you scratch
a Blaineite in Iowa you find a friend of Allison.
And so on in every State that has a favorite son.
There are too many favorite sons in the race to
make Blaine's nomination a certainty, and his ulti-
mate success will be helped by the fact that the
candidates are weakening on Blaine, and I
believe he is losing strength in New York. The
boom for Greenham is worrying the Blaine and De-
peu people. It may yet be anything but a
Greenham."

Mayor Hewitt owns a remarkable umbrella. It
looks as if it had once been used as a tent for a Li-
tuanian state show. His Honor thinks more of that
ancient umbrella than he does of the vote Cleve-
land will get south of Fourteenth street.

"Where are you going?"
"To the Ananawanda Club."
"To play on the piano?"
"No, not to hear the latest rumors about the
Suburban race, the condition of Gen. Spinoza, the
abilities of M. J. Power as a politician, the tariff
question and—"

"And what?"
"To see young fellows who are members of all
political parties and factions joined together in
social fraternity, and who do not allow their
political preferences to interfere with their
personal friendships." THOMAS MORAN.



UNDER FIRE AND WATER.

By FRANCIS J. REILLY,
Chief of Eleventh Battalion, F. D. N. Y.

(WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE EVENING WORLD.)

O one who did not
reflect, and who had
never been to a fire, it
would probably seem
odd to see a fireman
put on a rubber coat
and rubber breeches.
To prepare oneself
against an attack from
water when going to
battle with fire may
look like the wrong sort
of caution. This would only seem so to
one who knew nothing about fires. Any one
who has witnessed one knows that a fireman
would be drenched if he were not protected by
something of this kind. The water splashing
down the front of a building like a cascade,
and the stream thrown up, scattering as it
strikes the edge of a window, or when a pipe
breaks and a big stream goes driving against
you, show the need of rubber apparel.

Sometimes, too, the fireman profits by a
douche of water when he has to expose him-
self to an intense heat inside a burning build-
ing. The recollection of an occasion like
this has suggested the above reflections. A
fire had broken out in a large double flat on
One Hundred and Twenty-seventh street,
near Sixth avenue.

When we got to the scene of the fire, Engine
Company 37 had a line up the stairway, so we
could not get up. Shortly after arriving
some one told me there was a young boy on
the upper floor of the house. The fire had
broken out in the rear on the fourth floor
and had cut off the escape of those above.

They pulled WILLIAM CAMP out by the ROPE.

This was not the worst either. The flames
were pouring out at the fire-escapes so that
they were perfectly useless. There was a
family on the top floor named Willcamp.
With the assistance of her husband, Mrs.
Willcamp got out through the scuttle onto
the roof. Mr. Willcamp then went back
into another room to get their son, a boy of
nine years of age.

The smoke was very thick and the heat was
terrible. He got the boy and groped his way
back, but before he could get to the scuttle
he was overcome and fell to the scuttle.
Assistant Foreman of Engine 37 Murphy
went down the scuttle, taking a rope with
him. He found Willcamp near the foot of
the ladder, fortunately, and tied the rope
about him. He had to get out at once as he
could after this, as the heat was unbearable.
They pulled Willcamp out by the rope.

It was impossible to go through the scuttle
to rescue him or to attempt it. Beside the
unbearable heat the flames, were now coming
out there. The father said he had lost hold
of the boy at some distance from the scuttle
ladder, perhaps twenty feet to the right of it.
There was no way of getting him out ex-
cept by going in for him, and in the smoke
and heat that seemed a desperate measure.
Assistant Foreman Leonard, however, re-
solved to go, and I accompanied him.

He was found LYING FACE DOWNWARD.

The stream from the line was thrown so
that the water might strike the ceiling and be
dashed off, so that it could keep us in a sort
of shower-bath. This was the only thing that
could be done to stay the heat at all.

Luckily, we found the little chap in the
place his father had indicated without hav-
ing to spend very much time in groping
around for him. He was lying face downward
on the floor. It was this that saved his life.
Close to the floor there is always more breath-
ing space than anywhere.

The boy was quite unconscious when we
picked him up and hurried out on to the roof
with him. The family was now rescued, but
what injury had been done to the boy was
not yet known. He was carried down and
taken to a neighboring drug store. There
we saw that he was badly burned, though
not fatally. It was not from the flames, but
from the intense heat that he had suffered.
The scuttle had acted as a flue to draw the
flames up that way.

After a while he came to consciousness,
and began to scream with pain of his burns.
He also called loudly for his mother. She
was at hand, and as soon as an ambulance
could be summoned he was taken to the hos-
pital, where he could be properly treated.
He recovered, although he suffered a good
deal.

It was a good rescue on account of the in-
tense heat. Without the water splashing on
us and keeping us cool and mitigating the in-
tensity of the heat, it would have been im-
possible to have stood it even for the short
time that it was absolutely necessary to be
exposed to it.

Concluded To-morrow.

Not Quite So Jolly Either.

First Party (reflectively)
—Say, eh! I'd like to
be a great man; wouldn't
you?

Second Party—Why?
First Party—"Cause
when you're sick the
whole country is worried
about you and sends you
all sorts of things."

Second Party (enthusi-
astically)—Oh, yes; and
when you're dead the whole
country is worried about
you and sends you all
sorts of things. Wouldn't it be jolly?

To Fence for a Cup.

Public appreciation of the skillful work of the
Viennese lady fencers continues to increase, and
the fair swordswomen are the most popular attrac-
tion of the Vienna fencers' ball. On Thursday
evening there will be an exciting contest between
the nine pretty fencers for a valuable silver cup
sponsored by the British and American newspapers.
The Hungarian orchestra under the lead of Brudai
Nazi will play at each performance.

Gen. O'Brien's Memorial Oration.

Gen. James H. O'Brien will deliver an oration
on Sunday evening next, before Delaguna, Adam
Goss and Peter Corbett, at the corner of
Rummenal Baptist Church, Suffolk street, near
Grand. The church will be beautifully decorated.

QUEER RIFLE TARGETS.

Prize Automaton that Starts Into Life at
the Touch of the Bullet.

Years ago when a marksmen wished to
practice shooting at a target he had to
satisfy himself with firing at a figure or a
row of clay pipes. The owners of galleries
have been looking for something new, and
little by little they have progressed until now
there are a number of novelties in the way of
targets.

About two years ago the proprietors of
many of the city shooting-galleries placed in
their establishments what are known as
"dancing balls." A small glass ball is made
to dance by a tiny stream of water thrown
up with such force as to keep it in the air.

Then a man started a gallery on the lower
Bowery, in which he put a number of
iron figures, which, when the target was
struck, would perform all sorts of acts. One
of the figures showed a terrified hunter with
uplifted knuckles standing in front of a big
black bear. When the "bull's-eye" was hit,
the hunter would immediately plunge his
knife into the bear's breast.

Another figure showed "one of the finest"
with a small boy in his clutches. When a
piece of lead hit the target attached to him
he would clutch the small boy most unmerci-
fully.

There was another figure that was quite
unique in its way. It consisted of a mini-
ature engine with a number of cars attached.
This train would run across the gallery in
such short time as to make the spectators
think of some of the railroad bluffs.

There was a small box labelled "Dynamite."
When the explosion occurred the shaggy
head of one of O'Donovan Rossa's disciples
would appear.

During the past week an enterprising
genius has opened a gallery in a prominent
east side thoroughfare. He has outdone his
neighbors by placing in his establishment
what he advertises as "the only two five
hundred dollar prize automaton."

The automaton stand in the rear of the
store, about seven feet from the floor. One
is a small drop curtain on which is
painted a picture of a flowing river. The
target attached to this automaton stands
about three feet from the floor. When it is
struck by a bullet, the curtain rises, and the
figure of a man is seen. The figure is
up to the waist in water, and the ringing
of bells, and there is presented to view the
historic scene of "Washington Crossing the
Delaware." The show in which he and his
party are shown both up and down over the
waves in a very realistic way.

The other automaton is also in remem-
brance of Washington. The tomb at Mount
Vernon is shown, and the Revolutionary
martial-looking guards are stationed. When
the target is struck the bells ring and the
drums beat, and the guards "right about
face" and march forward to the coffin
marked for burial, and to the climax. Wash-
ington raises the lid of his casket and appears
dressed in full Revolutionary uniform.

"KUTCHY COO" HAS CAUGHT ON.

It Appeals to the Merry Side of Human
Nature and Supplies a Long-Felt Want.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Your selection of "Kutchy, Kutchy, Coo"
was in the nick of time to supply a long-felt
want. Every one has high praises for you.
The song will become a regular craze and
very popular.

Our lack in having selected just such a
composition as appeals to the merry side of
human nature, and a fresh, new song at that,
which as yet has not been sung, shows your
journal to be awake and on the march.

Your move was something different from
the old custom of printing ancient and worn-
out songs, and speaks a "world" of comment
in itself. A READER AND ADVOCATE.

It has Spread Over Staten Island.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Necessity compels me to send you this line
asking of you a remedy for "Kutchy,
Kutchy, Coo."

Ever since your journal published the song
last week my guests here, old and young,
from children to granddads, have held all
manner of Satanic revelry from morning till
night, on the piano, banjo, washbub, door-
step, and piazza with your "Kutchy,
Kutchy, Coo."

I hear it for breakfast, for lunch, and for
dinner.

Of course it was a great move on the part
of your wide awake paper, but what are we
going to do if Staten Island becomes a bed-
lam?

Yet, hooray for THE EVENING WORLD!

Proprietor of The Windsor Hotel, New
Brighton, Staten Island

Deserves Unqualified Praise.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Your publication of Lotia's new song last
week was indeed a splendid effort.

Clean in appearance, well printed, and a
well-selected composition, as a result there
is a big demand for copies with us.

The Evening World deserves unqualified
praise for having struck a popular chord
with the people, and I herewith send you
this personal line in evidence of my admira-
tion for your push and pluck.

Yours very truly,
C. H. DITTON & Co.

Touched a Popular Chord.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
As a musician who appreciates that light
and brilliant class of music which the press
nowadays finds pleasure in reproducing, per-
mit me to shake hands with THE EVENING
WORLD and say that "Kutchy, Kutchy, Coo"
was a clever idea, and a fine stroke of jour-
nalism in justifying the success of a popu-
lar chord. Respectfully yours,
SAMUEL BERNARD, 69 East Fourth street.

Another evidence of the popularity of printing
new music as a feature in daily journalism was
evidenced on last Thursday by the publication
in THE EVENING WORLD of Lotia's new
song, "Kutchy, Kutchy, Coo," a
composition written originally for a son-
nette and transferred to the newspaper.
The music was reproduced from the original print-
ing by the electro process, and presented a clean and ad-
mirable appearance. The Boston
Globe also reprinted the composition on the follow-
ing Sunday, issuing a large number of copies in
excess of its regular edition.

The music for reproducing popular music of the
day was evidenced last week in the printing in THE
EVENING WORLD of the words and music of a new
song written by M. H. Rosenfeld for the comedi-
enne Lotia, entitled "Kutchy, Kutchy, Coo!" In
the same paper an interesting account was
given of the author's motive in writ-
ing the composition and the history of
its ascent into popularity. A large number of
papers in excess of THE EVENING WORLD's regular
circulation was the result. The song was a well-
chosen and successful one, and it is to be
regretted that the author for the exclusive use of future works of this
kind from his pen. The Boston Globe likewise
reprinted the composition in its Sunday issue,
thereby adding materially to its circulation.

WOBBLER GAVE THE WORD.

AND FIFTEEN DISTRICT MESSENGERS
RACED AROUND THE PARK.

The Prize Was a Silver Cup Offered by Mes-
senger 1,578, Alias The Count—Frank
Farrell Won in Time Which Will Sur-
prise People Who Have Seen Messengers
on Errands—More Matches Talked Of.

Ever since the match at the Madison Square
Garden, when Albert broke the world's
record, a spirit of rivalry has existed be-
tween the American District Telegraph boys
stationed at 8 West Twenty-third street,
known as District 31. This spirit grew to
fever heat. Bursts of speed between the
boys when answering calls caused people on
the streets to pause and stare with amazement
at messenger boys not only hurrying
along, but actually running.

In such contests, the district being limited,
the sprinters of the office always won. This
led to dissatisfaction among the lesser lights,
who claimed that the sprinters would stand
no chance with them in a race of a mile or
more.

Such talk as this resulted in one of the
more enterprising boys, named Moore, better
known as Wobblers, arranging a match race
open to all the district boys in the city. The
match was run off last March, just be-
fore the blizzard, and resulted in a victory
for Messenger O'Leary, No. 1,578, with
Messenger Kennedy, alias "The Duke," No.
783, a good second, both of District 31. The
winner was paid a prize of \$100, and the
runner-up a half of a mile or six miles, for a prize
valued at \$3 to the winner, the second boy to
receive a prize valued at \$1.50; the entrance
fee to be 25 cents.

Such a scraping up of odd pennies never
before was seen; it beat the old time hustling
of the country boy to see his first circus.
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